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# The Herald, December 27, 1890

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# The Herald.

VOL. 11

CEDARVILLE, OHIO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1890.

NO. 47.

## NO DISCOUNTS.

To tangle you up with, but plain solid FACTS and FIGURES. For the coming week we are offering some GRAND BARGAINS in ALL WOOL DRESS GOODS, regular price 50 and 37½ cents per yard; this week only 42½ and 30 cents per yard. In men, women and children's UNDERWEAR we are loaded down and will make purchasers in this line some very special prices for this week. Our men's OVERCOATS, regular price \$12, \$10, \$8, \$7 and \$5.50 each, in this sale go at \$9, \$8, \$6.50, \$5.50 and \$4.50; no matter to you what they cost, they must be sold, and now is your time to buy. We also have a nice line of children's OVERCOATS at very low prices. Our ladies' JACKETS at \$7, \$6, \$5.50, \$4.50, \$3.50 and \$2.75, now only \$5.50, \$5.00, \$4.50, \$3.75, \$2.87 and \$2.38 each. Prices are also greatly reduced on men's and boys' heavy winter BOOTS. These prices are for CASH only.

## SANTA CLAUS

Has again made our store his headquarters, consequently you will find an immense lot of toys of every description to please the little folks and

## 8 HUNDREDS OF POUNDS OF CANDIES 8

to sweeten them with. For the older folks we have an elegant line of

## FANCY GOODS, SLIPPERS, MUFFLERS, HANDKERCHIEFS, &C., &C.

Remember that on January 1st, 1891, we are going to give away FIVE ELEGANT PRIZES, and that every purchaser is entitled to a guess on the jar of beans, no matter how small your purchase may be. Come everybody both young and old, make a purchase and guess on the jar of beans

## AT BIRD'S MAMMOTH STORE.

### LOCALS.

Old Kentucky fine cut tobacco 40 cents per pound, at

ANDREW BROS.

Beautiful and Elite Box Paper 25 Cents, at

RIDGWAY.

Barbed and smooth wire at

ANDREW & BRO.

Highest market price paid for wheat at

ANDREW & BRO.

Call and see our pocket and table cutlery

CRUSE & BULL'S

Dried Apples, Peaches, Apricots and Prunes at

GRAY'S.

I buy my window glass at KERR'S. A fine line line of Patent Medicines at

RIDGWAY'S.

Fish at

GRAY'S.

A nice line of feed baskets at

CRUSE & BULL'S

Wood and Willow ware at

GRAY'S

Some very nice new combs at

RIDGWAY'S.

Try our Spanish Queen 50 cigar at

ANDREW BROS.

A complete stock of window glass at

RIDGWAY'S.

Honey at

GRAY'S

A new line of pocket and family bibles at

KERR'S.

Syrup and Molasses at

GRAY'S.

See our new papadie at 25 cents, at

RIDGWAY.

Cheese, Crackers and Ginger snaps at

GRAY'S.

Sorghum, Syrup and Orleans Molasses at

KERR'S.

Call and see our new line of lamps at

RIDGWAY.

Hard and Soft refined Sugars at

GRAY'S.

A new line of Hair Brushes, at

RIDGWAY.

Tobacco and Cigars at

GRAY'S.

Fancy box paper 20 cents per box at

KERR'S.

### NOTICE.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to BARBER & McMILLAN please call and settle before Jan 1.

All Persons knowing themselves indebted to Barr & Morton will please call and settle by January 1st, if not you will receive a statement of account.

### Notice of Settlement.

All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the undersigned, will find it to their advantage to call and settle before January 1st, 1891, as interest will be charged on all over due accounts. Respectfully,  
CRUSE & BULL.

Avena, Oatmeal  
Cracked wheat  
Granulated Hominy  
Farino, Parched Farinose at  
GRAY'S.

Christmas candies at W. R. McMillan's.

Hockett Bros., & Punteneey, the well known musical instrument firm of Columbus and Washington C. H., have opened a branch house in Xenia, at 29 South Detroit street, where they are already doing a big business. This firm is well known in this county, having sold pianos and organs here for years and no firm has ever sold goods so low or given better satisfaction. They will have a salesman in this locality soon, or if you are contemplating buying an instrument for a Christmas present, call at their office in Xenia and you will receive prompt attention. As these gentlemen give a written guarantee that their goods are as they are represented, it is a pleasure to do business with them.

### Back to the Old Way.

After deliberate consideration on the part of physicians employed by the Jackson Manufacturing Co., to investigate the so-called advance in medical science with reference to the treatment of lung troubles, they have decided that the old reliable medicinal properties of Wild Cherry Bark and a highly eliminated preparation of Tar, possesses the most reliable stimulant to the weak and distended fibres of the lungs. They are nature's own remedies, and as a consequence the manufacturer has decided to continue the sale of Jackson's Wild cherry and Tar Syrup under a positive guarantee that one dose will relieve the most obstinate cough, and one bottle will generally cure a cold. Price 25 and 50 cents. For sale by E. G. Ridgway.

The Esquimaux is a highly educated lady.

This Esquimaux lady, 31 years of age, 40 inches in height, and weighs 120 pounds will deliver her great lecture on Greenland, in the Opera House on the evening of December 29th.

The Esquimaux lady at Opera House, Monday evening, Dec. 29. Reserved seats at Stormont & Co's at 35 and 25 cents. Children will be admitted to the balcony for 10 cents. Do not miss this one opportunity of a life time to see this specimen of a race of people who inhabit the frozen north.

The best flour in the land is found at

ANDREW & BRO.

Go and get Christmas gifts at Gray's.

A full line of coal at

Mitchell's.

Skates! Skates! Skates! at

ANDREW & BRO.

Oysters, Celery, Cranberries, Oranges, Bananas, Figs, Raisins, Nuts, Candies, Toys, &c., &c., &c.

You can get them at

BIRD'S.

Shootin' Crackers at Gray's.

Go to Dean & Barber's, for fresh meats of all kinds.

Rollad Avena and Wheat, Oatmeal and Cracked Wheat, Farino and Parched Farinose, Pearl Barley, Granulated Hominy at

GRAY'S.

No. for the Holidays.

As the holidays are now near and you will want something for Christmas presents go to S. L. Walker's and see his nice stock of watches of all kinds, clocks, jewelry, very nice finger rings of great variety; also nice watch chains, gents and ladies gold pens, silver thimbles and lots of spectacles, all are first class, no cheap John, all cheap for cash.

Christmas candies at W. R. McMillan's.

For a good lunch, or Cincinnati bologne, go to the bakery.

Christmas candies at W. R. McMillan's.

Two gold watches for sale at

ANDREW BROS.

Christmas candies at W. R. McMillan's.

For fresh cakes and bread go to the bakery.

Bring on your land cans if you want them filled with fresh pure land.

C. W. Crocker.

### Monthly Report of our Schools.

NO. OF ROOMS.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
Enrollment	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
Average Weekly Enrollment	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
Average Daily Attendance	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
Average Daily Absence	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
Percentage on Average V. E.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
No. Pupils on Roll of Honor	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
Cases of Truancy	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
Visits of Pupils	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
Visits of Teachers	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
Visits of Parents	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100



# The Cedarville Herald.

W. H. BLAIR, Publisher.

CEDARVILLE, OHIO.

## SOME GERMAN CUSTOMS.

They Are Unusually Amusing Even If They Are the Proper Thing.

Most of the marketing is done by the servant girls, who carry immense baskets, and bring home every thing for the day—potatoes and other vegetables, meat and sometimes the bread. They never have hats on their heads, nor any parasols. Ladies go to market with their maids, and they bring the bag or basket in the street-car. A seat is bought for the vegetables and often you must sit next to them, and if they happen to be in a corded bag and among them are some soft articles the juice may inundate the seat and the floor, as did that from an old lady's gooseberries before me one day.

When you go into a store every one says "guten morgen;" when you buy any thing they thank you "sehr," heartily. When they give you change you must thank them heartily (danke, sehr), and you go out all join in a chorus of "adieu." When a gentleman gets onto a car the conductor and he both tip hats. When you get off the car he bows to you, or if he gets off he bows to you and bows to the conductor. When you are at a hotel table, strangers, if German, partly rise when you come in or when you leave, and the military men are bowing and scraping all the time on the street. The guards who are stationed at different parts of the city present arms when officers appear, and all of the soldiers who see a broader stripe of red than theirs coming up the street assume the position of a poker on the nearest building or door, and hold on to their hats while the broader stripe goes by. The officer himself touches his hat, and so it is "Simon says thumbs up" most of the time with the army.

I am surprised to find how much hard work the poorest class of German women do. I think any of us should be satisfied at the branches of work that are left open to them. At least the number of offices they can fill is adequate if not the quality, but they are menial. They carry newspapers day and night, and trunks to the station and up and down stairs; they care for lawns and black men's boots; they keep markets and stores of every kind, and they will never let their husbands carry a bundle; they are loaded down, and so is the husband—with beer.

I am told that beer has almost no alcohol in this country compared with that at home. This is fortunate, though we do see intoxication here frequently.

The Germans are always just going to or returning from an excursion, if you can judge from the omnipresent lunch baskets. Perhaps that accounts for the fact that they are drinking so often, for I can bear witness that a picnic on a warm day with ham or sausage sandwiches makes one very thirsty. There are little booths on the street where soda, milk and beer can be bought; they are neat, pretty places, too, and pretty girls are behind the counter, with white aprons and rosy cheeks. You can get a drink for a cent and a quarter, and you can imagine that they are well patronized. The water here is not good; taste badly; and I have taken but little of it. Of the many kinds of beer (some of which I have tried to swallow) I find white the least objectionable. It is like weak old cider. If I got back home I shall drink water to my heart's content.—Berlin Letter.

**A Counter Accusation.**  
During a certain voyage of a down east vessel the mate, who usually kept the log, became intoxicated one day and was unable to attend to his duty. As the man very rarely committed the offense the captain excused him and attended to the log himself, concluding with this: "The mate has been drunk all day." Next day the mate was on deck and resumed his duties. Looking at the log he discovered the entry that the captain had made and ventured to remonstrate with his superior. "What was the need, sir," he asked, "of putting that down on the log?" "Wasn't it true?" asked the captain. "Yes, sir; but it doesn't seem necessary to enter it on the log." "Well," said the captain, "since it was true it had better stand; it had better stand." The next day the captain had occasion to look at the log, and at the end of the entry which the mate had made was found this item: "The captain has been sober all day." The captain had the mate summoned and thundered: "What did you mean by putting down that entry? Am I not sober every day?" "Yes, sir; but wasn't it true?" "Why, of course, it was true!" "Well, then, sir," said the mate, "since it was true I think it had better stand; it had better stand."—Traveler's Record.

**Victoria's Sweet Voice.**  
Like all her children, excepting the Prince of Wales, the Queen is an excellent musician, and sometimes sits down to the piano with Princess Beatrice, or there will be singing. Nature has endowed her Majesty with a fine voice, not only for singing but for speaking, so that she is able to give a certain charm even to official documents. She reads them as nobody else can, although she ingeniously confesses that she does so with fear and trembling, and is quite content if she is able to say that she has not made a single mistake.—Chicago Herald.

## THE OLD AND THE NEW.



ORN kindles in the East at last; December's storm winds trumpet loud; Across the sky go scudding fast The great gray argosies of cloud.

Life stirs along the somber street That slept ere while as still as death; The few that forth on hurrying feet Are mantled with their frosty breath.

The slow chiming tells the gilding hours, And Night again the scene enfolds; While still from Heaven-tapering towers Time's never-failing message rolls.

Twelve!—midnight dark of death and birth!— The old year and the griefs thereof Have passed, and smiles upon the earth A glad new year of peace and love.

—Clinton Scollard, in College and School.

**The Fair New Year.**  
Who is it waits before the gates?  
The fair New Year!  
Oh, let him in! that he may win  
His pleasures dear!  
Nay, anxious heart; let him impart  
Who'er he will;  
Thy prayer be this; not gain or bliss  
Thy cup to fill.  
But do thou ask grace for thy task—  
True inner life—  
For strength to bear thy load and share  
Thy brother's strife.  
Who waits before the spirit's door?  
The fair New Year!  
Oh, may he bring on each white wing  
God's blessing near!  
—Ella C. Drabble, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

## MISS CRIMP.

All Was For the Best, and Ended with a Happy New Year.



HE was small and subdued-looking to an extent which might suggest to a person given to whimsical fancies the conceit that she had early come under the iron pressure of poverty and misfortune, and never been "pulled out" by the caressing fingers of kindly prosperity.

"Yes, I am sure it is all for the best," she said to her friend, Mrs. Roberts, "that I didn't get that money any sooner."

"Do you think so?" said Mrs. Roberts. "Yes. Don't you see, if I had had it I should have spent it long ago. I've wanted it badly enough, dear know, but here to-morrow's Christmas eve, and just the time of all others to carry out our nice little plans. There it is, all in a lump—forty dollars."

"Yes, there it is and there it may stay."

"O, Mrs. Monroe promised faithfully that I should have it before Christmas. I told her exactly why I wanted it just now—all about your being a widow and how you and I were going to cheapen our living by taking a double room together and so saving our fuel and lights, and may be in other ways."

A wee girl had climbed into her lap at the mention of Christmas, while a curly-headed boy came and leaned against her knee.

"Take care, children," said Mrs. Roberts. "Don't get in the way."

"They're not in the way," said Miss Crimp, laughing as she drew them closer. "You know, Kitty, you know, don't you, Harry, what the money means? Yes indeed, you dear little rogues. It means your doll, Kitty, and your music-box, Harry."

"Haven't I told you a dozen times that it is a sinful extravagance to talk so?" said Mrs. Roberts.

"Yes, two dozen times, I think. But Kitty and Harry and I know that Christmas is the time of all the year for being extravagant. Now I'd better go. Watch for me as I come back."

Three quarters of an hour later Miss Crimp, with a face more subdued and discouraged than usual, was sitting in Mrs. Monroe's parlor.

"But this is the fourth time I've come this long way for it, Mrs. Monroe," she was saying. "And you promised."

"Yes, of course I promised," the lady's voice showed impatience and annoyance; "but it seems to me you ought to have known better than to expect it just before Christmas—a time when people always need all they can get."

"Poor people always need all they can get, Mrs. Monroe." The tone was as gentle as the look, yet it seemed to irritate Mrs. Monroe still further.

"I can't pay you just now, that's positive. It is such a large bill."

Miss Crimp thought of the many times she had tried not to allow the bill to become so large as she arose quietly, saying:

"When may I come again, Mrs. Monroe?"

The meek face touched even the selfish nature of the woman for whom she had sewed through so many weary days.

"Well, now, I don't mean to keep you waiting much longer," she said; "let me see—I'll let you have it before New Year's day, say the thirty-first."

"Yes, ma'am." She went out, and Mrs. Monroe hastened to quiet her conscience by working harder than before on the Christmas tree she was preparing for her children.

Kitty and Harry stood at the window at the end of the narrow hallway watching for their friend, but it was dark before her tired footsteps ascended the stairs.

"Sit up by the stove and get warm," said Mrs. Roberts, reading in the depressed face all that could be asked.

"I guess I'd better keep on up to my room," said Miss Crimp. "I only just came to tell the children that they must wait a little."

"No, you shan't go up there now."

"I don't know but it's all for the best, after all," said Miss Crimp, after the cup of tea and the warmth had done their comforting work, and Kitty and Harry had again found their place near her. "To be sure, it's been on my mind for weeks and weeks, this getting ready for Christmas. But there's other things

"The light was out in Mrs. Roberts' room and she passed on to her own. Its four bare walls were all, it seemed, which a cruel world granted her on this New Year's eve. No light, no warmth, no food, no strength—no courage? A little still, perhaps, built on a foundation of faith in the Lord who for weakness or strength, for life or death, earth or Heaven, still orders the way of His children for His own highest best."

A quick, sharp knock in the gray of the early morning aroused her. "Get up, Mary Jane," called Mrs. Roberts outside the door. "Somebody's asking for you."

"There's a carriage, too," cried Harry, in great excitement. "Happy New Year. And a man that says he can't go till he sees you. Happy New Year—everybody!"

"It can't be me he wants," said Miss Crimp, as in a great flutter of surprise she at length made her appearance and was hurried down the stairs by Harry to the door.

"Is this your card?" asked the man, holding up one before her.

"Why, it is, sure enough," said Miss Crimp, in a greater flutter than before.

"I—why, dear me, it was in my bundle of lace. I know it must have been for it was the only card I ever had. Some one must have found the lace."

"Mrs. Marlow sent me to tell you she wants you to go to her house with me at once—to breakfast," she said.

"Mrs. Monroe?" asked Miss Crimp, not quite understanding the name and catching at it with a faint hope that Mrs. Monroe might have returned and was anxious to make tardy amends.

"No, mum, Mrs. Marlow. And she says she won't take any denial and I wasn't to come back without you."

"Dear me! It must be some mistake," Miss Crimp shook her head in great bewilderment as she again mounted the stairs, and it would be hard to say how long it might have taken her to make up her mind about any thing, or having made it up to act upon it, had not Mrs. Roberts, by dint of hustling and coaxing and encouraging and assisting, at length made her ready for her early visit.

"It's some fine folks that'll keep you all day," she remarked, as Miss Crimp stepped out of the door, upon which a dismal wall arose from Kitty and Harry.

"She promised to come to dinner with us."

"I'll come," she declared, turning a very earnest face upon them. "Go back and hunt in my room for something."

"Do you think she'll come?" asked Harry, as at dinner time the two watched for Miss Crimp.

"If she don't it'll be the first time she's ever broke her word," said Mrs. Roberts. Upon which both faces brightened, but grew doleful as she added the caution:

"But we don't know what she may have lighted on since this morning."

"Hurray! There's the same fine carriage," shouted Harry.

"And she's in it," cried Kitty.

In it she was, sure enough, and with a face beaming with such a smile as they had never seen on it before. But by the time she had been hurried in and

"It's hand-embroidered and very fine," she said, timidly offering it at the fancy counter of a large store.

"Sorry," said the busy clerk, with a glance at her wistful face, "but there are so many new varieties of laces now that we should have no sale for this."

Out again on the sidewalk she took a few uncertain steps then turned into a less pretentious store. How could such little things as Kitty and Harry believe that all things work together for good if they were entirely disappointed in what they had hoped for at this holiday season?

The seventy-five cents were spent for a doll and a book, and she came out with a smile on her face as a child passed before her whose soft curls might have belonged to Harry himself. The boy smiled back at her and was passing on when there came a noise and confusion in the street close by.

Miss Crimp looked around in bewilderment. Some frightened horses came rushing blindly toward the sidewalk. The child, who had just got out of a carriage and had been slow in following those in charge of him into a store, was exactly in their track.

Miss Crimp never could recall any thing between the moment in which she caught the smile of the bright face and that in which she held the child in her arms on the ground outside the curbstone, while a noise of grinding hoofs, shouts and exclamations quickly drew a crowd about her. Then came a dim remembrance of confused inquiry as she was raised by kindly hands.

"No, I'm not hurt at all," she insisted. "How is the boy?"

"No, I ain't," said Miss Crimp, who was seated with Kitty in her lap, the tears had come to her eyes and a sniff was followed by a sob.

"What's wrong?" asked Mrs. Roberts anxiously. "Any trouble come to you? Now, Mary Jane Crimp, if it has you ain't going back on all your saying that all's for the best, I hope."

"No, I ain't," said Miss Crimp, giving Kitty a squeeze that almost took away her breath. "But it's all so strange and so astonishing. Dear me; if I ever can get to tell you the straight of it. I've met an old friend. She was a girl when I was, and used to learn to make lace with my mother when my father was preaching there."

"Well, now, that is pleasant," broke in Mrs. Roberts.

"Lively as a cricket," said a policeman.

She only waited to see him seized and cried over before picking up the parcel containing her New Year's gifts, and quietly making her way out of the crowd. She was not hurt, she was sure of that. Perhaps it was the memories brought up by the sight of the old lace in the bright gas-light which had brought such a mist before her eyes and such weakness to her feet, causing her almost to stagger as she went on her way. And—the lace was gone. How could she have forgotten to look for it in the place where she fell? But it was too late now, her feet absolutely refused to obey as she half turned to go back.

The light was out in Mrs. Roberts' room and she passed on to her own. Its four bare walls were all, it seemed, which a cruel world granted her on this New Year's eve. No light, no warmth, no food, no strength—no courage? A little still, perhaps, built on a foundation of faith in the Lord who for weakness or strength, for life or death, earth or Heaven, still orders the way of His children for His own highest best."

A quick, sharp knock in the gray of the early morning aroused her. "Get up, Mary Jane," called Mrs. Roberts outside the door. "Somebody's asking for you."

"There's a carriage, too," cried Harry, in great excitement. "Happy New Year. And a man that says he can't go till he sees you. Happy New Year—everybody!"

"It can't be me he wants," said Miss Crimp, as in a great flutter of surprise she at length made her appearance and was hurried down the stairs by Harry to the door.

"Is this your card?" asked the man, holding up one before her.

"Why, it is, sure enough," said Miss Crimp, in a greater flutter than before.

"I—why, dear me, it was in my bundle of lace. I know it must have been for it was the only card I ever had. Some one must have found the lace."

"Mrs. Marlow sent me to tell you she wants you to go to her house with me at once—to breakfast," she said.

"Mrs. Monroe?" asked Miss Crimp, not quite understanding the name and catching at it with a faint hope that Mrs. Monroe might have returned and was anxious to make tardy amends.

"No, mum, Mrs. Marlow. And she says she won't take any denial and I wasn't to come back without you."

"Dear me! It must be some mistake," Miss Crimp shook her head in great bewilderment as she again mounted the stairs, and it would be hard to say how long it might have taken her to make up her mind about any thing, or having made it up to act upon it, had not Mrs. Roberts, by dint of hustling and coaxing and encouraging and assisting, at length made her ready for her early visit.

"It's some fine folks that'll keep you all day," she remarked, as Miss Crimp stepped out of the door, upon which a dismal wall arose from Kitty and Harry.

"She promised to come to dinner with us."

"I'll come," she declared, turning a very earnest face upon them. "Go back and hunt in my room for something."

"Do you think she'll come?" asked Harry, as at dinner time the two watched for Miss Crimp.

"If she don't it'll be the first time she's ever broke her word," said Mrs. Roberts. Upon which both faces brightened, but grew doleful as she added the caution:

"But we don't know what she may have lighted on since this morning."

"Hurray! There's the same fine carriage," shouted Harry.

"And she's in it," cried Kitty.

In it she was, sure enough, and with a face beaming with such a smile as they had never seen on it before. But by the time she had been hurried in and

"It's hand-embroidered and very fine," she said, timidly offering it at the fancy counter of a large store.

"Sorry," said the busy clerk, with a glance at her wistful face, "but there are so many new varieties of laces now that we should have no sale for this."

Out again on the sidewalk she took a few uncertain steps then turned into a less pretentious store. How could such little things as Kitty and Harry believe that all things work together for good if they were entirely disappointed in what they had hoped for at this holiday season?

The seventy-five cents were spent for a doll and a book, and she came out with a smile on her face as a child passed before her whose soft curls might have belonged to Harry himself. The boy smiled back at her and was passing on when there came a noise and confusion in the street close by.

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"Yes, and she's married and that's her carriage and she has a house full of little ones, and—now listen!—she wants me to come and live there and be nursery governess. Such a home for me!"

"But how did it come about?" asked Mrs. Roberts. "How did she get your card?"

"Didn't I tell you? Why, when I couldn't see my way clear to do any thing else I took my little bundle of old lace to see if I could sell it. And my card was in the bundle. And when I came out of the store where they wouldn't buy it, a little boy—just as blue-eyed and as bonny as you are, Harry—came near being run over by some runaway horses and I gave him a little push out of the way, and he was Mrs. Marlow's little boy, and now they are all saying I saved his life, which is all nonsense as I told her, and I dropped my lace and thought I had lost it, but they found it, and that is how they came to know where I was. And," Miss Crimp took Kitty's small finger and with it made motions as she concluded the marvelous story, "Mrs. Marlow wants my lace to match some she made long ago, and says such old-fashioned work is worth a great deal, and she paid me forty dollars for it, and would insist and not a cent less. And now, Harry, run and bring me in that basket in the hall. Mrs. Marlow sent it with her best wishes to a little boy and girl who have been such good friends to me."

"Best after all, Mary Jane," said Mrs. Roberts, in a low voice. "Best just as it seemed to get to the very worst. And I rejoice in it for you, for all that it means I am to lose you."

"Don't you think that," said Miss Crimp, hastily. "Do you think all this blessing for the New Year can come to me without reaching to you and to the children?"

"Happy New Year," cried Harry, tugging in the big well-filled basket. "Happy New Year to everybody."—Sidney Dayre, in Chicago Standard.

## A GREETING.

May the Old Folks be Spared to See Many Happy New Years.

It is always cause for gratitude when a new year greets the eyes and finds it still living and in the enjoyment of even a moderate amount of good health. It has sometimes been a subject of ridicule on the part of thoughtless young folks that people, even when they are aged and feeble, cling as they do to life. But life is a very precious possession, especially as long as the faculties are so far unimpaired as to admit of some degree of comfort, and of taking interest in what is transpiring in the home circle and the community.

Our Longfellow says: "I venerate old age; and I love not the man who can look without emotion upon the sunset of life, when the dusk of evening begins to gather over the watery eye, and the shadows of twilight grow broader and deeper upon the understanding." Every year facilitates for living in ease and comfort are increased, and into the lives of the old as well as the young is crowded much that tends to brighten and render existence desirable. True, there are many sad exceptions, and we think very tenderly and pityingly of those who grow old in the midst of poverty and anxious care. As long as we live there is much to learn, but it is generally harder to teach the old than any other in our midst. So many old truths are dressed up in new forms and handed around as something new and unheard of before, that the young are easily deceived; but grandpa or grandma, from the capacious depths of the comfortable rooker, no sooner look into the strange alibi, theory or creed, as the case may be, than through the filmy pretense of the new-fangled name they easily detect the old symptoms, or recognize the well-known truth, or scent out the familiar doctrine. Oh, no, it is not so easy to teach or to deceive our shrewd old friends! They have a very plucky way, moreover, of calling things by their right names, and having long since outlived all affectation and fear of Mrs. Grundy, and if any there be who want good, square, outspoken opinions as to this, that or the other notion or belief, just let them go consult one of the grandparents of the family, or one of those oracles of wisdom, an old "uncle" or "auntie" whose relationship extends over the entire community. And so courageous are they! Life has not buffeted them, trials pressed, sorrow worn, losses perplexed and afflictions grieved, to turn out aught but brave and well-tried spirits. No need preaching to an aged Christian about the shortness of life, or the dim, uncertain future. None know better than they that

"Life at best is but a passing shadow in the West, Which still grows long and longer till the last, When the sun strikes, and it from earth has passed."

Old Folks, a New Year's greeting; we do most heartily and sincerely express the hope that they may "long be spared to enjoy all there may yet be of sweetness in life for them; be spared to cheer the home with their hallowed presence; be spared to impart of their calm, brave spirit to those yet in the heat of life's conflicts.—Christian at Work.

**A Beautiful Compliment.**  
He—May I take the liberty of calling on you this afternoon, or do you prefer other company?  
She—As far as that goes, no company is as desirable as yours.—Texas Siftings.

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## OF GENERAL INTEREST

The microscope of human life is like a coarse, round, with irregular, ragged teeth.

A contract has been made at Salem, Ore., to dig a ditch three miles long for the drainage of Lake Labish, by which means 3,500 acres of valuable land will be reclaimed.

Judges ought to be more learned than witty, more reverent than plausible, and more advised than confident. Above all things, integrity is their portion and proper virtue.

A French doctor has recently been collecting statistics with regard to those of his patients who complain of nervous affections, with the result that he has come to the conclusion that the prime cause of all the trouble is the practice of reading in the train.

An advertisement has been running in a Bristol, England, paper for the last year offering fifty dollars reward for any well authenticated case of a child being carried away by an eagle, no matter in what country. No eagle ever did it. The many alleged instances must go to join William Tell.—Detroit Free Press.

Edward Bellamy's notion of a "public umbrellia" has been put into operation in a new street in one of London's suburbs, where the sidewalk is sheltered by a glass roof ten feet wide, supported by slim, graceful pillars rising from the curb. Everybody hails this innovation with delight, and there is a great clamor to have its use extended throughout London.

The amount of celery sold in the Boston markets is said to be nearly tenfold as much as ten years ago. We have seen no estimate for New York, but should judge that the increase is even greater than in Boston. Well-blancheted, crisp, tender celery is a delicious and wholesome vegetable, and deserves to be more widely used than it is. And the parts that can not be eaten raw are excellent when cooked.

An elderly lady and her daughter stood on the elevated station at Twenty-third street awaiting an oncoming train, upward bound, says the New York Times. "Don't try to take this one," the daughter urged. "It's jammed full." The old lady cast a reproachful look upon her younger companion, and mournfully remarked: "There isn't a doubt about it's being full; but all the same I don't see any necessity for swearing about it."

Probably five hundred newspapers recently corroborated the story that two Kansas men a few weeks ago found \$5,000 in gold in an iron pot in a gully near a certain town. Now, the papers, of course, acted in good faith in printing the story, but as a matter of fact they were fooled by an unprincipled liar. There were no such men, no such gully, no such town, no iron pot and no \$5,000. Stories about the finding of buried treasure, and about live snakes in people's stomachs, as a rule, need not be believed.—N. Y. Tribune.

One of the sights worth seeing in New York City this fall was a group of aquatic plants in the fountain basin in Union Square. There were several varieties of water lily from India and Japan, one of them of an exquisite pink color, a clump of Egyptian papyrus, an Egyptian floating plant, and other interesting growths from far off lands. These were numbered, and the names (botanical and common) corresponding to the numbers were given on a tablet beside the basin, so that the spectators might at once gratify the eye and inform the mind.

Mr. Emilie Berliner, of Washington City, according to the Washington Post, has perfected his invention for reproducing sound. A disk of polished zinc is covered with a fatty film for an etching ground. It is placed on a turntable, and as one talks in a tube the disk is revolved, and the vibrations caused by the sound are traced in the film by a small pen. The etched plate is put in chromic acid, and in fifteen minutes is ready for use. It is put on another turntable and revolved by the turning of a crank. A stiff pen traces the etched lines and reproduces the vibrations on a rubber of vulcanite diaphragm, by which the original sound is carried into the tube. The pitch of the reproduced voice can be made high or low, according as the crank is turned rapidly or slowly.

## FISHING PARROTS.

A Branch of the Family Which Devotes More Time to Catching Fish than to Talking.

Of all the odd-looking parrots in the world the puffin, or sea parrot, is certainly the oddest. Puffins are members of the Auk family and live in holes, while they burrow in the edges of sand cliffs beside the sea.

They are white-breasted and black-backed, and have red and blue beaks, and red feet which give them a most singular appearance when they are flying.

All puffins are great fishers. They hover down along the water's edge and scoop up in their beaks the little fish which swim in shoals.

As fast as a puffin gets a beak full he takes the fish up to the sand hole, where the little brood is waiting. When the parent is feeding the young they carry the fish down the same, from holes of their parents, to their nests, and there devour it.

It is a common sight to see hundreds of them waddling ashore with little fish hanging from their beaks.

As the puffin generally stays his mouth full, he has no time to chatter saying bad words, like his more civilized brethren.—N. Y. Sunday Journal.

## The Christmas Wide Awake.

A high order of stories, poems, articles and pictures fill the Christmas Wide Awake from cover to cover, while brilliant new type and the discardment of columns give the pages a very fresh and attractive look, and we learn that the magazine is permanently enlarged to one hundred pages. Leading attractions include a new "Penny" serial by Margaret Sidney, the promised railroad serial, "Cab and Cannon," by King Marston, "Drawing the Child Figure," the first of twelve pictorial drawing-lesson papers (with monthly prizes) by Miss Caroline Rimmer, daughter of Dr. Rimmer, the art-anatomist and sculptor, and "Mistretta's Good Times," an Italian serial by a well-known Italian woman in Boston. The short stories, papers and poems (and there is a full treasury of them, making a Christmas stockbook in fact) are by Sallie Pratt McLean Greene, Emma Sherwood Chester, Graham H. Tomson, Ethelwyn Wetherill, Charlotte M. Vall, Elizabeth Robins Pennell, Rev. George Whyte, Miss Hawley, John C. Carpenter, Margaret Evinge, Miss Roulston, Mrs. Martin and Prof. Otis T. Mason. A special feature is the fine-smile reproduction of Mrs. Hemans's original manuscript of "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers," which was brought to America by James T. Fields.

The price of Wide Awake will remain at \$2.00 a year, only 50 cents a number. D. Lothrop Company, Publishers, Boston.

"I would give anything if I but had a musical ear." "Why don't you take quinine?" "Quinine?" "Certainly; that will make your ears sing."—Indianapolis Journal.

## False Witnesses.

There are knaves now and then met with who represent certain local bitters and poisonous stimuli as identical with or possessing properties akin to those of Hostetler's Stomach Bitters. These scamps only succeed in foisting their trashy compounds upon people unacquainted with the genuine article, which is as much their opposite as day is to night. Ask and take no substitute for the grand remedy for malaria, dyspepsia, constipation, rheumatism and kidney trouble.

"Does alcohol affect the blood?" asked the professor of the medical student. "I should think," replied the young man, "that it might have some tendency to get into the jugular vein."—Washington Post.

## STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that can not be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 8th day of December, A. D. 1888. A. W. GLASSON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

"So our old gentleman kicked you down the steps when you called to see his daughter. Did he break any thing?" "Yes, he broke our engagement."—Philadelphia Times.

Pure soap is white. Brown soaps are adulterated with rosin. Perfume is only put in to hide the presence of putrid fat. Dobbin's Electric Soap is pure, white, and unscented. Has been sold since 1885. Try it now.

Of course there are exceptions to the rule "the good die young," but there aren't many of us.—Elmira Gazette.

Will be found an excellent remedy for sick headache, Carter's Little Liver Pills. Thousands of letters from people who have used them prove this fact. Try them.

"Been to Brooklyn, eh?" "Yes." "Come across any thing remarkable?" "Yes." "What?" "The bridge."—Life.

COUGHS AND COLDS. Those who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, etc., should try Brown's Bronchial Remedy. Sold only in boxes.

"Did you ever go through one of those labyrinthine?" "No, but I once tried to find my wife's pocket."—St. Joseph News.

To open a Hole in the Consumption Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

Household recipe—To preserve eggs always pack them in layers.—Binghamton Republican.

## SYRUP OF FIGS



## ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

## A Proclamation!

Dr. J. Guy Lewis, Fulton, Ark., says: "A year ago I had bilious fever; Tutt's Pills were so highly recommended that I used them. Never did medicine have a happier effect. After a practice of a quarter of a century, I proclaim them the best."

## ANTI-BILIOUS

medicine ever used. I always prescribe them.

## Tutt's Pills

Cure All Bilious Diseases.

## TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE.

New Story by Oliver Optic will commence in few weeks. Very handsome Christmas cards and other premiums for best writing. The best Weekly Newspaper in the world for sale. Everybody invited to send for a "premium card." At the same time ask for our constant terms to agents and low to make \$1000 per day. No other paper in the world allows so large commissions. THE N. Y. BLADE, Toledo, Ohio. Send this card every line you wish.

IT IS USED BY CHILDREN. Thousands of young men and women in the U. S. A. use this food and their health and their happiness to Ridge's Food. It is the leading food in the world. Ridge's Food. By Druggists. ALL COUNTRIES. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

FOR SALE at a Bargain. Eighty Acres LAND. For particulars apply to U. S. SPEED, 630 West Seventh St., New York, N.Y.

ENGINES. AUTOMATIC PORTABLE OR STATIONARY. WESTON ENGINE CO. Patented Feb. 11, 1880. 137 Cedar St., New York, N.Y.

ALL KINDS. PORTRAITS. Do you want one? Of course you do. Then write to us. We have a plan by which you can obtain one at no cost except a little labor. Entirely new plan. Particulars free. M. Patterson Portrait Co., 50 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

A. N. K.—E. 1322. WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

## FOR SALE BY NEWS DEALERS, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13th.

## The Christmas Number OF THE NEW YORK LEDGER

will have a cover beautifully printed in colors containing, on its front title-page the original of the engraving here illustrated. It will also contain 20 pages of illustrations and reading matter contributed by the GREAT WRITERS OF THE DAY, and unexcelled in quality by that of any publication in the United States. This number will be one of the three numbers sent in response to our offer of

## Three Weeks for 10 cents

These three numbers will contain a larger number of illustrations and 50 per cent. more reading matter than that contained in any of the magazines. Therefore our offer embraces both quantity and quality. The three numbers for 10 cents contain:

- (1) Mrs. Amelia E. Barr's new serial, "The Beads of Tasmer." Mrs. Barr is the author of that most successful serial, "Friend Olivia," just completed in *The Century*; but hereafter Mrs. Barr will write exclusively for *The New York Ledger*.
- (2) Hon. George Bancroft's description of "The Battle of Lake Erie," beautifully illustrated.
- (3) Margaret Deland's latest story, "To What End?"
- (4) James Russell Lowell's poem, "My Brook," written expressly for *The Ledger*, beautifully illustrated by Wilson de Meza, and issued as a FOUR-PAGE SOUVENIR SUPPLEMENT.
- (5) Mrs. Dr. Julia Holmes Smith starts a series of articles giving very valuable information to young mothers.
- (6) Robert Grant's brilliant society novel, "Mrs. Harold Stagg."
- (7) Harriet Prescott Spofford, Marion Harland, Marquise Lanza, Maurice Thompson, and George Frederic Parsons contribute short stories.
- (8) James Parton, M. W. Hazeltine and Oliver Dyer (author of "Great Senators") contribute articles of interest.

In addition to the above, SPARKLING EDITORIALS, Illustrated Poems, HELEN MARSHALL NORTH's chatty column, and a variety of delightful reading of interest to all members of the household.

The foregoing is a sample of the matter which goes to make up the most perfect National Family Journal ever offered to the American people.

Send 10 Cents for these three numbers and judge for yourself, or send only \$2 for a year's subscription to

## THE NEW YORK LEDGER,

Robert Bonner's Sons, Publishers, 180 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK CITY.





# THE HERALD

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

SATURDAY, DEC. 27, 1890

W. H. BLAIR, Editor and Prop'r

PRICE \$1.25 PER ANNUM.

MISS GEORGIA CHARTERS, the Little Whistler, is a twelve-year-old prodigy, who is regarded by all who have heard her, as a musical wonder. The perfect ease and grace with which she whistles the most complicated airs; the exactness with which she renders the most difficult compositions truly marvelous. Her power of imitation, her warbling and thrilling are unparalleled. From infancy the child has betrayed this peculiar talent. It was not an unusual thing for her to charm the wild birds by imitation of their own sweet notes. Recently hiding behind a door of her home, she wooed two red birds from the top-most branches of a high tree that stood in the yard. Down came the little whistlers, allured by the siren until they stood upon the very threshold. Each public appearance of the Little Whistler has been a succession of triumphs. At a reunion of ex-prisoners of war held in Xenia last summer an impromptu entertainment was hastily arranged that those honored veterans might enjoy hearing the Little Whistler. The vast audience went wild with delight. One, an ex-congressman from Washington City, declared he had heard Mrs. L. Shaw and other celebrated whistlers, but never one whose notes were so pure, clear and graceful as little Georgia's. We trust that every lover of music will avail themselves of this opportunity to hear her, and to aid and encourage the organization that has secured for them such a treat.

Marrage licenses; Nathan L Ramsey and Adda Bull; Jos G Horner and Mattie Loyd; Geo Boyd and Betsey Boyd; John C Grant and Iva Whittier; John F Mitman and Mina Jane Moore; Chas E Barber and Frances M Hooven; W A Johnson and Flora McKillip.

Charles Justice, who belies his name by being quite a desperado, was arrested Monday by the police on his return from serving a long term in the Dayton work house, and was given a year's sentence in the work house here on an old charge of attempting to shoot an officer who was bringing him down from Jamestown, the officer just happening to turn as the fellow was placing the muzzle of his revolver against his back, catching the hammer before it could descend and send the load into his body. When Justice arrived at the work house Monday evening, he was taken charge of by the guard, but when the latter's head was turned for a moment, quick as a flash the villain had a big chunk of coal in his hands, with which he knocked the officer down. He then seized the guard's keys and escaped into the hall, where he encountered a colored woman, formerly an inmate, who has been employed about the institution for some time lately. At once divining the fellow's object, the woman hurled herself against him, stopping his progress, and succeeded in having him locked up in a cell. The guard was not seriously injured, and was able to be up town Tuesday evening.—Xenia Republican.

HAMILTON, WASHINGTON, Dec. 3, '90.

ED. HERALD:—We left Seattle the nineteenth of last month. Had a delightful trip down the sound, the day was clear, the water calm and the view of the Cascade and Olympic mountains with their snowy crests and purple miles was grand, but the thought of crossing the straits of Juan De Fica and going through Deception Pass, marred the pleasure of many of us. When leaving Port Townsend and we could see no white caps rolling toward us. Many faces brightened in expectation of enjoying a good dinner and the scenery, as we neared our destination we landed at Fidalgo Island and then then thirty miles by railroad to this place. Hamilton is on the Shagit

river in a fine valley at the foothills of the Cascade mountains. It is one year old and has five hundred inhabitants. Last year coal and iron was found in a great quantity a half mile from town, two months ago the finest mine of Asbestos ever discovered in the United States was found in four miles of here, twenty miles up the valley fine mines of silver and lead have been found. We expect two new railroads up the valley next year, and the mountains are full of prosperity now. Property and rents are high. A house we thought we could live comfortably in when we came, they asked forty-five dollars a month rent for. We bought lots and have a comfortable, convenient house almost completed. You will perhaps think as we are so near British Columbia (30 miles) we have cold weather now. I have not seen ice and only one white frost this fall. On Thanksgiving day I picked and ate ripe blackberries in a garden in town and saw many strawberry plants in bloom. We see snow every day on the mountains, all mountains above a mile and a half high are covered with snow all the year. Game is plenty in the foothills, elk, mountain sheep, bear, cougar, deer and smaller game. We would like to see some of our Cedarville friends here next year.

MINERVA J. MARSHALL.

## The Queen's Latest Offer. A Free Education or One Year's Travel in Europe.

In the Queen's "Word Contest," which the publishers of that magazine announce as the last one they will ever offer, A free education consisting of a three years' course in any Canadian or American Seminary or College, including all expenses, tuition and board, to be paid by the publishers of The Queen, or one year abroad, consisting of one entire year's travel in Europe, all expenses to be paid, will be given to the person sending them the largest list of words made from the text which is announced in the last issue of The Queen. A special deposit of \$750, has been made in The Dominion Bank of Canada, to carry out this offer. Many other useful and valuable prizes will be awarded in order of merit. The publishers of The Queen have made their popular family magazine famous throughout both Canada and the United States by the liberal prizes given in their previous competitions, and as this will positively be the last one offered, they intend to make it excel all others as regards the value of the prizes. Send six two cent U. S. stamps for copy of The Queen containing the text, complete rules and list of prizes. Address The Canadian Queen, Toronto, Canada.

## Obituary.

ED. HERALD:

Francis Mildred, only daughter of Rev. and Mrs. J. P. Bishop, died December 12th, at their home in Bernicia, California, aged about 10 months of some disease of the brain. Mrs. Bishop was visiting friends in Ohio last fall and every one that seen Mildred loved her for her gentleness and sweet disposition. The affliction is made more sad from the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Bishop only recently removed to Bernicia and were entirely among strangers, but a letter from them gives the comforting assurance that they know in whom they trust. Mr. Bishop is known by almost every one in this community, as he was born and raised in this (Cedarville) township, and he will have the sympathy of his many friends here and elsewhere. Mrs. Bishop was formerly from Clark county, and their friends and relatives in both counties are very many and no doubt many prayers will go up for them in this their first sad affliction.

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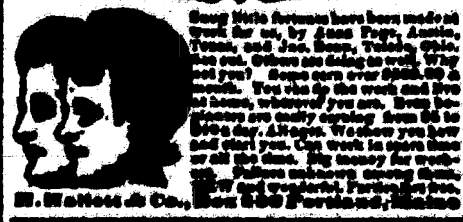
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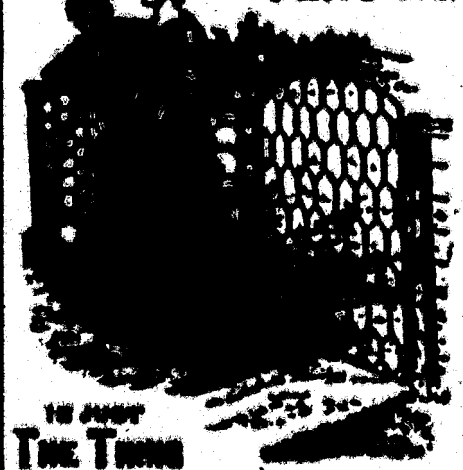
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## THE BATTLE FIELD.

### FOUGHT AT FRANKLIN.

What Is Said to Have Been the Bloodiest Battle of the War Fought in Tennessee.

Several of our exchanges are discussing with various opinions "the bloodiest battle in history." It is recorded that Grant in one hour lost 10,000 killed and wounded at Cold Harbor, but he had nearly 100,000 to lose that number from 10 per cent. in sixty minutes. General Hood, just before sunset, November 30, 1864, moved about 12,000 Confederates, all told, against the strong breast-works at Franklin, Tenn., where his casualties were reported 8,800—or about 50 per cent. in twenty-five minutes.

At Franklin the Union soldiers under General Schofield were intrenched to the chin. A half-dozen forts belched their thunder from as many hill-tops—long lines of abatis and chevaux de frise impeded every assault—all round the works shrapnel and grape swept down the Confederates from fiery embrasures as our rapidly thinning lines advanced through an open field at shoulder arms.

The casualties of this little army may be estimated when it is stated that the Confederates lost thirteen Generals, killed, wounded and missing. Down this red valley of death rode no braver soldier than General George W. Gordon—the youngest Brigadier in our western army. We can see him in fancy now, as we saw him then for the first time, mounted on a fiery steed, his long hair swept backward by the breath of battle, as he rode into the maelstrom of iron hail. He went over the works and was captured. There fell, his noble breast pierced through, the invincible Pat Cleburne, the idol of his division as of his State. General John Adams and his horse fell dead together across the enemy's breast-works. General Thomas M. Scott was unhorsed by the explosion of a shell.

The readers will pardon the egotism (or the we-otism) if the writer states that just twenty years afterwards (November, 1884) he revisited the field of Franklin. There on the right still stood the old gin where gathered the central whirlwind of that November storm. Across the open fields leading from the McGavock residence our doomed battalions marched. Along that line of fence beyond his house the brave ranks were formed. We looked backward across the tide of twenty faithful years, recalling the then light heart and thoughtless words of youthful ardor as we moved into the fight. We saw through a mist of unblinded tears the unreturning brave who, in the face of that leaden doom, with dauntless tread passed "over the perilous edge of battle to the harvest home of death"—swept in the twinkling of an eye from our sight forever into the shoreless gulf. We wondered as we sat there and recalled that terrible day how we could have been so thoughtless and unconcerned. As we formed in line to move upon the foe youthful eyes flashed fire and downy cheeks flushed with the rapture of the coming fight. Ah, as we looked upon loved ones then for the last time, knowing that death lurked just over the hill, why did we not stop long enough to clasp one another in a long embrace?

Revisiting the sweeping plateau which we had seen for the first twenty years before, and only for few minutes in the stormy charge, we could almost recall every spot passed over in the fight, as one gathers up the fragments of a broken dream. Surely yonder is the spot where the writer felt. Here, without doubt, beneath this friendly oak the minie was cut from the flesh where "our friends, the enemy," had embedded it. We know this "surgeons' rendezvous" full well—for along this path we passed to the friendly shelter of Colonel John McGavock's house. There it stands as it stood then—twenty years ago! How dead to the old "rebel" heart is the name of Colonel John McGavock and his family! How many torn and bleeding bodies were borne into his asylum. Through all the long night the good man, assisted by his wife and daughters, bent like ministering angels above the dying and the dead.

Every thing they had (God bless them) was devoted to their thousand deeds of mercy. But words lose their native force as in memory we go back to that night of their ceaseless ministrations.

In this room died Colonel Nelson, of the Twentieth Louisiana. Both legs were crushed by a cannon ball and his bowels torn by iron grape. Poor fellow! Such agony for several hours few men ever endured. His eyes, through exhaustion caused by pain, sank deep back into his head before death came to his relief.

"Give me forty grains of morphine," he called out all through the night, "give me forty grains of morphine and let me die. Oh can't I die? Is it so I can not die? My poor wife and child—my poor wife and child!"

Hard soldier as the writer then was, he went down the steps and far out beneath the stars to escape the prayers of the dying officer.

But to return. Over fifty per cent. of casualties in twenty-five minutes. Franklin was, indeed, the bloodiest battle of modern or ancient history.

Those who now talk so flippantly of another war, perhaps had no experience of the first.—Jacksonville (Fla.) Standard.

NEBRASKA has 9,331 old soldiers on the pension roll.

## A FORTUNATE ACCIDENT.

Thrilling Experience of Soldiers With an Unexploded Shell.

When the Army of the Potomac occupied the lines of investment on the Chickahominy, Spikes' regular division was stationed on the left of the pond of Ellison's mills. There was little to do except picket duty. Musicians were not allowed to use their instruments in order that the enemy might not thereby be enabled to locate the positions we occupied and shell us out. Time wore heavily on our hands with only the compliment of an occasional shell to break the monotony. After a little time, however, these visitors became more frequent, some men were killed while in their tents.

Our neighbors, the Fifth New York and First Connecticut, suffered in this way, and a battery was established on our front to check the annoyance. This promised a little excitement. Some of the boys of the Sixth Infantry band thought they would enjoy the sight of the opening of our battery on the enemy, so Kennedy, Hobbs and myself sallied out for the fun. We took our position for observation on a little knoll beside the road that ran in our front. Scarcely had we established ourselves when an aged colored man passing along the road told us that we were in a very dangerous position; that the enemy had the range of the road and fired at every passing wagon.

By this time many others had congregated at the same spot, and sure enough along came a wagon with its white cover. Just then we noticed that an artilleryman going toward the new battery in our front stooped very low and looked upward, a movement that we all recognized as indicating the noise of a shell passing close to him.

The wagon was in front of us at this moment, and we all stooped low, for we heard the ominous scream, and as the wagon passed the shell grazed the feed box. Those behind, while stooping, pressed the men standing in front on the edge of the knoll, and about ten of us were thrown on top of the shell as it struck into the soft, sandy road. The shell did not explode, thank God, or likely I should not have written these few lines, for I was in front and the others fell on top of me. We all scrambled to our feet, and thankful for getting off safe, made tracks for our camps. There is none save myself to vouch for this story. Hobbs and Kennedy having, I understand, passed over to the majority. Perhaps some of the other comrades may meet this description of the incident and testify.—N. Y. Press.

## NOTED FOR SERVICE.

Career of a Famous War Vessel in the Rebellion.

Very few vessels of the navy played such a conspicuous part in the war of the rebellion, as did the U. S. steamer "Pawnee," built at Philadelphia in the year 1868. Bark rigged, screw steamer of fifteen guns, 875 tons. When it was determined to send relief to Fort Sumpter, the Pawnee was one of the vessels selected, leaving New York, April 6, 1861, reaching Charleston Harbor on the 13th. When Major Anderson's garrison was transferred to the steamer Baltic, for New York, the Pawnee proceeded to Washington, D. C., reaching there on the 18th. And then under command of Captain S. C. Rowan, the Pawnee was ordered to Norfolk navy yard with Commodore Paulding to save the yard from capture by the insurgents. Finding it impossible to do so, the yard was destroyed and the Pawnee returned to Washington and constituted a part of the Potomac Flotilla there; consisting of the Freeborn, Anicostis and Resolute.

The first naval engagement of the war was fought by these three vessels and the Pawnee at Mathias Point, near Aquia creek, on the Potomac river, May, 1861. The Pawnee was then ordered to Alexandria, Va., and assisted in landing the famous Ellsworth Fire Zouaves, rendering important and valuable service. In October, 1861, Captain Rowan was relieved by Commander Wyman, and the Pawnee joined the Fort Royal expedition under Flag Officer DuPont, leaving Hampton Roads October 23. This expedition captured Forts Walker and Beauregard November 7, after which Commander Wyman was relieved by Captain Percival Drayton. The Pawnee proceeded to St. Augustine, Fla., capturing Fort Clinch, St. Mary's, Fernandina and some smaller places on the coast of Georgia and Florida.

The Pawnee was then ordered to join the Fort Hatteras expedition on the coast of North Carolina. After the capture of Hatteras the Pawnee was sent North for repairs, after which it returned to the South Atlantic Squadron, and in the attack on James Island, was struck by the enemy thirty-four times. She also served at Leguay creek, Bulls Bay, Stone Inlet and Trellisny creek; also cooperated with Sherman's army on its famous march along the Coast and finally anchored off Charleston, S. C., on the 22d day of February, 1865, and is now storehouse at Port Royal, S. C.—American Tribune.

## SCATTERED SHOT.

THERE are 57,087 pensioners in the 68 counties of Ohio. Jefferson's quota is 468.

It takes an old horse to have a war record. One died the other day that served through the rebellion under Colonel Whitaker of New Haven, Ind. He was thirty-five years old. The Grand Army posts of the neighborhood turned out and buried him with military honors.

## POWER OF IMAGINATION.

It Has Been Known to Kill Persons in Perfect Health.

Cases where illness originated or became aggravated by the patient imagining himself worse off than he really was are numerous; those in which the imagination has been the sole cause of death are comparatively rare. Surgeon-General Francis, of the British East Indian medical service, tells of a drummer who was suddenly aroused from his sleep by some thing crawling over his naked legs. Being in India, the land of deadly serpents, he imagined it was a cobra, and his friends, who had collected by the outcry, thought so too, and it was treated accordingly. Incantations, such as are customary with the natives on such occasions, were resorted to. The poor fellow was flagellated with twisted cords and cloths, while ropes were tightly bound around his arms and legs, in view partly to arouse him, but principally to drive out the evil spirit which had taken possession of him. With the first dawn of light the true cause of the drummer's fright was discovered in the shape of a harmless lizard, which was lying crushed and half killed by the side of the patient. But it was too late; from the moment when he believed a poisonous snake had bitten him he passed into an increasing collapse, gradually growing worse until he died, purely from an imaginary snake bite, some six hours after the harmless little quarian had dragged its icy body across his warm limbs.

During the summer of 1888 an inquest was held on a young English woman, who, it was supposed, had poisoned herself. The examination showed no poison, but the stomach contained a powder, the general character of which corresponded with a certain insect powder. The manufacturers claim that this powder is non-poisonous, and the chemist, who analyzed the contents of the girl's stomach, concurred in the same opinion. It was tried of cats, rabbits and sheep, neither of which were affected by it. In absence of evidence of other causes to account for death, the only assumption was, that the young woman had taken the insect powder, believing it to be poisonous, and that her imagination had been wrought up to the point where death was the natural result.

Some years ago Napoleon III. permitted some French scientists to experiment on a convict who was to suffer the death penalty. The condemned man was delivered to the physicians, who had him strapped to a table and blind-folded, ostensibly for the purpose of being bled to death.

Near the drooping head was placed a vessel of water, which, by means of a siphon arrangement, trickled audibly into a basin below. After an argument as to how it had best be done, one of the M. Ds. sharpened a knife and then walked up to the man and made a scratch across the back of his neck with a pin. Perfect silence (with the exception of the dripping water, which the convict took to be his own blood) was maintained for six minutes, when the straps were removed and the man found to be stone dead.—St. Louis Republic.

The gas-meter must make both ends meet—our gas bills run up so rapidly.—Puck.

Some bodily labor—Holding your breath.

The original snake charmer—St. Patrick.

A charity devil—"Please help the blind."

The piscatorial universe—A globe of fish.

Had a "previous engagement"—The bride.

What tailors should wear—Cut-a-way coats.

Must have patients to do business—Doctors.

Don't increase the census—Berths on ship-board.

An after-dinner speech—"Shall we go to the parlor?"—N. Y. Mail and Express.

All history seems to be a pastime.—Elmira Gazette.

"More in sorrow than in anger"—the letter O.—Binghamton Republican.

Is it time to give your yacht away when there is no sail for her?—Boston Bulletin.

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You should always be thankful for what you have. If it is a bull you should be thankful because it isn't any bigger than it is.—Somerville Journal.

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**SPRAINS & STRAINS**  
**USE**  
**St. Jacobs Oil**  
**Cures**  
**STIFFNESS**  
**Stiff Neck, Sore Throat**

—Probably the deepest mine in the world (according to La Nature) is that of Saint-Andre du Poirier, in France. Of its two shafts, one 3,000 feet, and the other 3,123 feet, the latter is being sunk to 4,000 feet. A remarkable feature of this mine is the comparatively low temperature found in it, never exceeding seventy-five degrees Fahrenheit. In the gold and silver mines on the Pacific coast, with a depth scarcely half that of the French mines, there is great difficulty in keeping a temperature low enough for work. In some parts of the Comstock mines the temperature reaches 118 degrees.

—One of the features of social practice in London for many years has been the show which can be made on fictitious capital. If, for instance, the Fitzshams desire to give a big dinner party, and have no special provisions of their own for an imposing display, they can hire all the requisites. They can rent their silver and porcelain from one man, their tapestries from another, their plants from a third tradesman and garnish the dinner table with the costly pineapple of the hot-house.

—Proof Positive.—"Gertrude, I see you rejected the head clerk last night." "Why, papa, how did you find out?" "Easy enough—he did the biggest half day's work this morning that he's done in five years."—Epoch.

A Dose in Time Saves Nine of Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar, or Coughs. Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

It is Turkey's knee as much as the much-deplored goose they would fly very far South in the fall.—Pittsburgh Press.

Are unlike all other pills. No purging or pain. Act specially on the liver and bile. Carter's Little Liver Pills. One pill a dose.

It is fortunate that we are not all rich. Some of us would not know how to act if we were.—Boston Traveller.

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**CATARRH**  
**THE POSITIVE CURE.**  
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# THE HERALD

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

SATURDAY, DEC. 27, 1890

W. H. BLAIR, Editor and Prop'r

PRICE \$1.25 PER ANNUM.

See Zanie, the gypsy queen who was stolen.

All seem to have had a merry Christmas.

Come and see St. Nick's trial by the children, January 1st.

John McFarland, of Oakland, Ind., was here this week.

Mrs. Fred Smith, of Xenia, is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Barber, this week.

Reserved seats for "Zanie" at Stormont and Co's for 25cents. Patronize the "Y's".

Mrs. Dr. Baldridge's mother, Mrs. Johnson, of Seymour, Ind., is visiting here this week.

The Y. P. S. G. E. held a social at the residence of Rev. Warlock Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. James Andrew entertained about thirty of their married friends at dinner Tuesday.

The Little Whistler at the Opera House New Year's night. Reserved seats at Stormont & Co's.

The Esquimaux was brought to this country packed in ice.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Barber enjoyed Christmas dinner with about thirty invited guests.

Mrs. Frazier, of Springfield, is the guest of her father, Mr. Cooper, this week.

Rev. Lee Ault, of Cincinnati, will preach at the M. E. church Sunday morning. Mr. Ault is an excellent singer, and will during the services furnish some excellent music.

Foster Alexander, who has been a teacher in the public schools for the past five years, resigned this week to accept a similar situation in Evansville, Indiana. Foster is a first class teacher and will give satisfaction in his new school. The board have employed Emma J. Williams who will fill the vacancy.

The horse breeders of Ohio have decided to organize an association for their mutual benefit, and a call has been issued signed by twenty-three gentlemen who are interested in different parts of the state, asking that as many breeders of horses as can, meet at Columbus, Wednesday, January 14th, for the purpose of effecting a permanent organization.

The United Presbyterian session, including Mr. Spencer of Jamestown (formerly one of their number) and ladies, on Wednesday, presented their Moderator, J. C. Warnock and wife, with a very handsome Cathedral Bell clock and other beautiful and useful articles. Their genial presence truly gladdened the home. Such tokens make the recipients feel that the lives have fallen to them in pleasant places; and to rejoice that they have as their special counselors and helpers such men and women.

Cedarville has had another accident by fire and Hugh Stormont was the victim this time. Will McMillan was making a call at his home Sabbath evening and Mrs. Stormont attempted to lower the hanging lamp, when the hook gave way letting the lamp fall to the floor, breaking it, the oil saturating the clothing of Mr. S. and igniting. Mrs. Stormont with admirable presence of mind, attempted to smother the flames by wrapping a rug about him but fearing his wife's clothing might take fire Hugh ran from the house when he was met by several men who torch his clothes from him. He was badly burned about the limbs and is yet confined to the house. His wife had her hands slightly burned. The furniture in the room was an almost total loss, but was insured.

## A happy New Year.

Do not forget the operetta New Year's night at Opera House.

Mayor Townsley tipped the scales at 321 1/2 pounds, Christmas day. But that was an "off" day for the Mayor.

Prof. J. W. Smith, who is teaching at Crab Orchard, Ky., is spending the holidays with his family at this place.

St. Nick's trial, little Georgie Charters, and Zanie, all one evening, January 1st.

W. H. Leland of Colorado Springs, Col., visited friends here this week. He was on his way to New York.

Will Berg, of Clifton, while handling a gun on Christmas, accidentally shot himself in his left hand. The wound will not prove serious.

The Piano used at the play of Allatona was kindly furnished by Hookett Byos. & Puntenny, of Xenia, O. FREE OF CHARGE. On behalf of the three orders, we hereby return our sincere thanks.

ANDREW JACKSON, for G. A. R. S. A. SHEPHERD, for S. of V. Mrs. JAMES MILBURN, for W. R. C.

Married. December 24th, at the residence of Mr. Isaac Kitchen, of near Selma, O., by Rev. W. Q. Shannon, of Xenia, Mr. George B. Rex, of Phillips, Wisconsin, and Miss Annie Kitchen. The contracting parties were prominent society people who have a host of friends who will wish them a happy life.

Thomas Tarbox and Miss Maggie McMillan, were united in marriage at the residence of Rev. Morton, Wednesday evening, in the presence of a number of invited guests. Mr. and Mrs. Tarbox are both well known here having lived in this vicinity all their lives, and there are none but who wish them abundant happiness.

A canvass made by the Homestead, of Springfield, Mass., among the farmers of the United States as to whom they would prefer to have nominated for president in 1892 resulted in the following interesting facts: Republican—Blaine 39,209, Harrison 31,013, Rusk 20,746, scattering 16,903. Total 107,881. Democratic—Cleveland 71,787, Hill 17,126, Hatch 11,782, scattering 8,803. Total 103,790.

This community was shocked upon receiving word last Sunday that R. P. Wilson, of Oakland City, Ind., a former resident of this place had suicided. The cause is supposed to be his insanity resulting from a severe attack of la grippe. Mrs. Wilson says that her husband had been acting strangely every since the election, but it gave her no especial uneasiness. The evening before, he had done all his chores as usual and had even talked over some of his plans for the future. About one o'clock Sunday morning he arose and awakened her when she asked him what time it was, and he told her, returning to bed at once and she went to sleep only to find him gone when she awoke at dawn. At once becoming frightened she notified a neighbor who started in search of the missing man, to find him drowned in a pond about three quarters of a mile from home where he had suicided with as much apparent deliberation as he would perform any household duty, having taken off his coat and vest and waded into the deepest part in the pond, which was scarcely more than three feet deep and held his head under water until life was extinct. The remains were brought to Cedarville, accompanied by Mr. John McFarland, and the funeral services held Tuesday afternoon at the residence of Mrs. J. P. Barr, niece of the deceased, conducted by Rev. Morton, after which the interment took place at the Baptist cemetery. Mr. Wilson was 56 years of age. He was born in this township and lived here until about eight years ago, when he moved to Indiana. He was highly respected by all who knew him, and this unaccountable act of his was a great shock to all. He leaves a wife and one child.

Georgie Charters, the charming little whistler, will positively appear here January 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Parill of Co-shocton, O., are the guests of Mrs. Prof. J. W. Smith and family this week.

There was a grand surprise given at the home of Robert Cooper about one mile south of Cedarville, on Christmas day. The plans had been made about two weeks previous and they worked out to perfection. R. H. McClellan his brother-in-law, had invited Mr. and Mrs. Cooper to take dinner with them and some other friends on Christmas day. Mrs. McClellan had requested Mrs. Cooper to come very early on that day to help her. Sure enough early Christmas morning before the lighted lamps were put out Mrs. Cooper was on hand and went to work with a will and was made general superintendent and was kept very busy in the kitchen, and every time a buggy or carriage passed along Mr. McClellan would go out and ask if something was burning, or tell her how he liked this and that season. From 9 until 11 o'clock George and Jamie McClellan entertained their uncle Robert Cooper by playing a new parlor game called Loto. Now all this time Mac Cooper, their son who knew all about the arrangement, was at home receiving the invited guests and hiding the buggies in the barn and behind the barn and down in the orchard. Well, about eleven o'clock Mrs. Cooper said it was strange that Mr. Rob't Stevenson's was not there. Mr. McClellan said it was such a bad day he expected no one would come until about 12 o'clock. Just then Mac Cooper came to the door and said Will Frazier and wife, of Springfield, had come to spend the day and he wanted them to come home. Mr. McClellan said he would go over and bring them back with him and they could take dinner with him. They said no, no, no, they would go home. Mr. McClellan said he was well acquainted with Will Frazier and he would go along and bring them all back, it being a short distance they walked when they came up to the house not a buggy or horse was to be seen. When they stepped in the door the first thing to be seen was their large extension table so heavily laden in a way that I will not attempt to describe. With out a moments warning about 50 of Mr. and Mrs. Coopers friends came rushing from all parts of the house to congratulate. Mrs. C. sat down in an arm rocker and with her usual hearty laugh took in the situation at once, while Mr. C. walked from room to room with overcoat on, hat in hand in a way you would think he wondered how all these people came. Promptly at 12 o'clock dinner was announced which was speedily disposed of, after which Mrs. J. B. Corruthers read a letter from Rev. J. H. Gibson, of Conneville, Pa., in which he touches memories both sad and pleasant. The following is a list of the presents received: Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cooper, china tea set; Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Stevenson, one dozen table napkins; Mr. and Mrs. John Cooper, cut glass cracker jar; Mrs. J. H. Gibson, pair linen towels; Mrs. Edward Stormont and Sarah Cooper, decorated china cracker jar; Mrs. Creswell and Mattie Brommagen, one half dozen tumblers; Edna and May Stevenson, plush needle case and kerchief; Lucy McClellan, decorated card receiver; Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Corruthers, silver castor; Mr. and Mrs. John Harbison, china fruit dish; Mamie McClellan, linen throw; Mrs. John Cooper, set cut glass tumblers. The afternoon was spent in playing various games, after which the company separated wishing Mr. and Mrs. Cooper might celebrate as many more anniversaries in the future as they have in the past.

LOOK HERE.  
If you owe us please call and settle by check or satisfactory note by January 1 1891, and oblige  
ANDREW & BRO.

## RESCUING A POLICY.

A Life Insurance Man Saves a "Sung Little Sun" for His Company.

"The swindling of life insurance companies by conspirators is an old story," an officer in one of the big Broadway companies said to a New York correspondent, "but the way we sometimes get even with them and defeat their purposes is not so well known. A local agent and the consulting physician of the town may conspire with the executors of a rich man's will, and with the rich man himself, to report him to the New York company as sound and healthy, sober and industrious, with the understanding that each is to get a slice of the company's money after death. Even if the company learns after death that the application was founded on lies, the money is often paid, unless the amount is very large, rather than earn the reputation of contesting policies in the courts. The president of the company told me one morning a fortnight ago to take my grip and start for a large town in Illinois and learn whether it was true, as he had learned from an unknown correspondent, that a man who had recently obtained a policy for \$5,000 was very dissipated. In that case I was to get the policy and bring it back to be cancelled if possible. There was the rub—to get the policy. It required considerable tact, any way, and if the man should refuse to give it up it would cost the insurance company a good deal of money to contest it after his death. I went to the town, knowing only the name of the man and that he was worth \$100,000. Of course every one I met spotted me for a stranger and sidled up to me to know what I was in town for. It would not do to let it go abroad that I was a life insurance agent, and especially if I should begin to inquire about our risk, so I said I was interested in getting money on Western mortgages. It was not difficult after that to make my way to our policyholder's house on the plea of getting him to invest in mortgages. He was in bed, drunk, and as I afterward learned, was drunk all the time. But he had a good head for business, even when in his cups. "Well?" he said, inquiringly. I told him flatly I had come to take away his policy. He kicked. He kicked long and hard, while I argued on moral grounds of the unfairness of his act, and by finally put out his hand and said, while tears started from his eyes: "I'm glad to meet an honest man. Call my wife in." His wife came in, and at his direction brought in a tin box, put on a chair at the bedside and went out. "The insurance policies are in there somewhere. Take them," he said. I opened the box and took out \$24,000 in Government bonds and then the insurance policy. The business of releasing the company from all obligation being accomplished, I met the man's wife at the door and she wanted to know my business. I told her. "I'm glad of it," she said. "I remonstrated at the time the policy was obtained, but without avail. The physician and the local agent of the company are bound to have the money. My husband will die in a few months without doubt. He is a confirmed drunkard."

## SOME COINCIDENCES.

A Bible Lesson That Was Appropriate in More Ways Than One.

An old friend (call him W.) relates how, while he was in Florida last winter, his watch stopped one evening. Since it was a very good watch, and never stopped before, and had been duly wound the evening before, W. was much surprised that it wouldn't go. By and by the head of the house (call him B.) came in. "Will you please give me the time?" said W. "Certainly," said B., and pulled out his watch. B. had a time-piece which was entirely trustworthy, not given to irregularities of any kind. He pulled it out of his pocket. "By Jove!" he exclaimed, "my watch 's stopped; that's queer." They compared the two watches, and they had stopped at the same hour and the same minute; and why they had stopped neither man was able to discover.

None of the coincidences so far related was as odd as another which has just come to the Boston Transcript Listener's notice. Within a hundred miles of Boston there is a pleasant little Episcopal chapel where services are regularly conducted, and where a cabinet organ which stands at one side of the church is played by a young lady from a neighboring parish who kindly comes in for the purpose. As the organ is situated in a somewhat inconvenient place at one side of the chapel, and as the young lady knows the service thoroughly well, she is in the habit of leaving the organ when no music is needed, and passing around at the back of the room and sitting with the congregation. At exactly the right moment she leaves this place and returns to the organ for the music. The other Sunday, as she was seated in a pew, she got her "cue" in the service, and rose softly to go around to her post. As she moved out of the pew her skirt caught upon a nail, and, with a tear that loudly echoed through the chapel, her gown was torn almost its whole length. She was in confusion, but the minister, of course, did not interrupt the holy service. He was reading the morning lesson from the second chapter of the Book of Joel, and went directly on with the passage before him.

"And read your heart and not your garments," Here the congregation was dangerously near a snicker; and the clergyman himself suddenly struck with the

extraordinary episode in the passage he had read, was obliged to suspend his reading for at least a moment, while he overcame a perfectly natural impulse to burst into a fit of laughter.

## GOOD AT FIGURES.

The Mathematical Fiend Spells the Colonel's Roulette Story.

One of the guests at an up-town stag dinner the other night, says the New York Times, related an experience at roulette which he claimed to have had "some years ago." He is well known in the city as an entertaining story teller. He is sometimes inaccurate, but invariably entertaining. After modestly stating that he rarely gambled, he said on one occasion he had carelessly placed a dollar on the number 13 on a roulette table, and that 13 won five times in succession, his original wager being allowed to accumulate. All but one of the diners accepted the tale and expressed their astonishment at the extraordinary occurrence. The exception made some rapid calculations on the back of the menu.

"Colonel," asked the Exception presently, "how much did you say you won?" "I didn't say," replied the Colonel, "but it was several thousand dollars." "It must have been several thousand, at least," said the Exception, pleasantly. "I think it must have been even more. You said nothing about the limit, so I assume that you were allowed the unusual privilege of playing without a limit."

"Certainly, sir; certainly," answered the Colonel, stoutly, but noticing the Exception's figures with some nervousness; "I requested jealously that the limit be removed, and the request was granted."

"Very well," went on his tormentor, "then you probably bankrupted the gambling house. If, as you say, you did not take down any of your winnings, you must have won a mighty fortune. On the first roll of the wheel you won \$35, on the second \$1,200, on the third \$44,100, on the fourth \$1,543,500, and on the fifth \$54,032,500; quite a satisfactory evening's work. What did you buy with it?"

The diners laughed loud and long. The Colonel's face was very red. "Oh," said he finally, "that was only a little piousness."

## Prayed Against Each Other.

An Irish priest at Anamergau told the following story of his bishop: His lordship and a chaplain came to see the "Passion Play." They would fain have had a room each, but this was not possible. They knelt down separately to say their prayers by their little cots, and presently it crossed the mind of the chaplain that it would not be well to make his orisons shorter than the bishop's, and he glanced over his shoulder to see if his lordship was about to make an end. The bishop, presumably anxious not to scandalize his chaplain by the shortness of his prayers, also glanced over his shoulder, and waited. The process was repeated several times. Both supplicants were very tired, and, in time, both fell asleep. They were found in the morning on their knees still, and sleeping.

## Short-sighted Family.

There is a married man in Atlanta, Ga., who wears eye-glasses with a gold rim. His wife wears eye-glasses, too, and the two pairs are just alike. They are the parents of three children, the youngest being ten years of age, and each of the children is near-sighted. They wear eye-glasses, too.

LOST—A gont skin robe between here and Xenia. Return to D. S. Ervin.

Gloves, good stock, low prices.

ANDREW & BRO.

Wanted! Everybody to come and get Christmas gifts at Gray's.

Sorghum, Syrup and New Orleans Molasses at GRAY'S.

Sugar, Sea, Coffee, &c., at Gray's.

And don't you forget December 25th at GRAY'S.

Butter, Jersey, Milk and Oyster Crackers at GRAY'S.

Custard pie pumpkin, mince meat pie, at GRAY'S.

Flaked Pineapple, at GRAY'S.

Christmas Gift at GRAY'S.

If you want a Christmas gift go to GRAY'S.

Corn, Tomatoes, Beans, &c., at GRAY'S.

Christmas gifts at Gray's.

For the Holidays.

California Cherries, Apricots, California Yellow Cling Peaches, California Bartlett Pears, California Egg and Danison Plums, California and French Prunes and Dried Grapes at GRAY'S.

Irish and Jersey Sweet Potatoes, at GRAY'S.

Sweet, spiced and sour pickles at GRAY'S.

Boys and Gals come and get Christmas gifts at GRAY'S.

Choice white clover honey at GRAY'S.